

The Music-hall Girl - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE MUSIC-HALL GIRL.

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Written and Composed by Ilda Orme.

The Music-Hall Girl is the rage,
The pet of the youth and old age,
With plenty of chic.
And one dear little kick,
She makes a success on the stage.
She shows you her lace and her limb,
And a foot that is dainty and trim;
She smiles and she winks,
And, of course, each man thinks
She smiles and she winks at him.

Chorus.

The Music-Hall Girl is the rage,
The pet of both youth and old age.
With plenty of chic
And one dear little kick.
She makes a success on the stage- [Dance.]

The hubby sits in the front row,
But wif is not there-oh, not
She thinks her dear hub
Quite safe at the club.
For there pretty girls never go:
But where is the harm, after all,
In the darlings of the music hall
If they give you spice
With your champagne on ice,
They want but a curtain call.

Chorus.

The hubby sits in the front row,
But wine is not there-oh, no!
She thinks her dear hub
Quite safe at the club;
Ah! there's where they all say they go.- [Dance]

The mischievous Music-Hall Girl,
She will set all your brains in a whirl.
When she sings naughty songs,
Which to Paree belongs.
When her laces they twinkle and twirl.
In his mind then each man forms a place,
For a supper, champagne And" can-can."
She will throw you a kiss
While you watch her in bliss,
But she'll go home with some other man.

Chorus.

The mischievous Music-Hall Girl,
She will set all your brains in a whirl;
When she sings naughty songs,
Which to Puree belongs.
When her laces they twinkle and twirl.-[Dance.]